

Not Safe For Work

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Not Safe For Work

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Summary

Ryuko convinces Satsuki to let her do a special activity to her during a meeting.

Satsuki had a two o' clock meeting that started in five minutes. Something about financing the company and making sure that everything that their mother left behind belonged to them. She couldn't really focus on it. What she could focus on though, was the pale deft hands roaming down her shirt at the moment. "Ryuko, you know that this is inappropriate work place behavior," She told the younger woman, who began kissing her neck.

"Relax, Giga Brows. What fun is office sex if theres no thrill? Besides, I know you like that kinky Fifty Shades of Grey shit."

Satsuki could feel her younger sister's mischievous smile as she scrapped her teeth over her neck. And against her better judgements, let out a shakey breath that only spurred Ryuko on.

Ryuko bit at her neck, a particular spot that would be conveniently hidden from plain sight by the collar of her blue dress shirt. She chuckled as her victim let out a throaty moan. "For someone who doesn't wanna do this, you sure are enjoying this," she teased.

Satsuki pulled her in for a quick, rough kiss before groaning, "Shut up and fuck me." With so much authority that it made Ryuko's spine tingle.

"You got it boss," she responded, giving her older sister a two finger salute before getting under the table. She eased Satsuki's legs apart just as her two o'clock appointment walked in.

Cursing under her breath, the CEO greeted the men, while simultaneously kicking at Ryuko to tell her to stop her ministrations- at least, for the moment.

Though the younger woman wasn't going to just give up that easily. She smirked as she eased Satsuki's panties down, causing a slight blush to rise on Satsuki's cheeks. "Sorry sis," she whispered more to herself than the woman the pair of long legs in front of her belonged to. "Ryuko Matoi finishes what she starts."

She pulled Satsuki's underwear down to her ankles and rolled her short black pencil skirt up just enough so that she had room to do what she was about to do. Her mouth watered at the sight of her sister's snatch, it's musky and intoxicating smell exciting her. She dove right in, causing Satsuki to jump, to the confusion of the men in front of her.

"Miss Kiryuin, is everything alright?" One of them asked a little worried.

"Ah, yes," Satsuki tried clearing her throat to even out her voice, but knew it failed. "I am perfectly fine. It might be a little chilly in here though..."

The other of the two men stood up. "I'll turn up the thermostat then." He said, walking over to the heating system on the wall behind him. The first one began looking though one of the folders they had brought.

As soon as she was sure their backs were turned, she dropped her pen and pretend to pick it up. "What on earth do you think you are doing?!" She hissed.

"Whadda ya think I'm doin, sis? I'm getting you off." Ryuko responded with a shit eating grin. "You know..what you asked me to do. And no one can defy the head honcho, right?"

If Satsuki wasn't as horny as she was at that very moment she would have smacked Ryuko senseless. Sighing heavily, she quickly whispered back, "Ryuko, I swear to god-"

"Miss Kiryuin?"

Satsuki quickly glared at Ryuko before grabbing her pen, and shot up; banging her head on the table. "Son of a bitch!" She shouted in a very unladylike tone the men in front of her had never heard her use before. Rubbing her head and letting out another slew of curses under her breath, she turned to see that the men were staring at her.

She smiled weakly. "I'm sorry Mr. Yamato, Mr. Koyashi. Please begin. There will be no further interruptions." She cleared her throat and folded her hands after making a 'get on with it' motion with them.

"Er...Yes, well." Mr. Yamato said, pointing to a pie chart on the screen in front of them and handed her one of sheets from the folder. "As you can see the sales for the teen line went up twenty two percent thanks to the rebel look your sister started modeling a few months ago."

Satsuki nodded attentively as said sister spread her legs and licked her lips hungrily. Ryuko licked from her entrance to her clit, making a shiver run down Satsuki's back.

"Jesus Kiryuin, I barely even started and you're already leaking like a broken faucet." The younger girl muttered to herself quietly. She took the older woman's exposed clit into her mouth and gently sucked on it, simultaneously flicking her tongue over and around it.

Satsuki balled her fist with the pen in it so hard she thought it was going to break any second. "Is there, ahem, anything else you need to report?" She asked, clearing her throat more than necessary. She tapped her fingers on the desk as they went clammy.

Mr. Koyashi turned the screen from the pie chart to a bar graph, where there were a few things about the numbers and stocks that Satsuki couldn't honestly give a crap about right now. Ryuko was working her magic, and it took everything in her not to buck her hips into the girl's mouth.

Satsuki gasped as Ryuko's tounge entered her folds, exploring and seeking her g-spot. She felt the younger girl's hands on her bare thighs, keeping her right where she wanted her.

The CEO shuddered under her touch and a small pant left her mouth. She hadn't even realized one of the men had asked her a question until they looked at her expectantly. "I'm sorry, what was the que- Ah!" Ryuko had hit a particularly sweet spot that caused her to lose focus. "My apologies," her voice trembled. "I'm not particularly feeling well this morning."

"We could come back later. There's no rush," Mr. Yamato said, starting to pack up the papers into the folders scattered across the table.

"No, no. It's fine." She said, her breathing becoming ragged. "How much left is there to discuss?" Her left hand dropping the pen so that she could open and close it freely without making her inner palm red from the writing utensil.

Both men turned away from her. Satsuki took this opportunity to entangle her right hand in Ryuko's hair, bringing her closer to her body as she continued to eat her out.

Satsuki was losing control, Ryuko didn't have to see it to know it. It was subtle, but she could feel the older woman quivering more and more under her touch. It wouldn't be long before she climaxed. She just wondered if her sister had some of that 'resolve' she was always talking about not to make it obvious she'd had one of the best orgasms of her life.

"There's only one thing and that's the inheritance agreements." Mr. Koyashi explained, looking up from a spread sheet. He placed it in front of her and began explaining it. "Your mother didn't leave a will, but your father apparently did. The company's assets will be evenly split between the two of you, and since you're both of age, you are free to do with them as you please."

"That's, ha, great," Satsuki felt the fire in her lower abdomen growing. Every lick, every suck, even Ryuko just breathing in front of her center was making her go mad with pleasure. She had to fight the urge to let her head loll back. She was so close. Ryuko was right- the thrill of the possibility of getting caught did make it a whole lot kinkier. "Is that all?" She asked, nearly whining when Ryuko decided that it'd be a fun idea to start denying her her orgasm.

"Yes ma'am. We'll be on our way now." Mr. Yamato said packing up. They both bowed and left.

As soon as Ryuko was sure they were gone, she picked up her pace, nipping here, sucking there, which made Satsuki squeal with delight. She dug her fingernails into her sister's legs, which made her hiss in pain and pleasure.

Satsuki's pants were growing louder and soon evolved into full on moans. With one final bite to her clit she came, her fluids flooding Ryuko's mouth as she let out a long, throaty groan.

Ryuko lapped up every single drop before climbing from under the table and standing. She stretched, giving Satsuki a shit eating grin. "You're such a kinky motherfucker." She teased.

Satsuki pushed her in response. "This was your idea. I told you to stop." She responded with an agitated eye roll.

"Yeah but you have to admit that was so fucking rad." Ryuko smirked, licking her lips. "You tasted so good and the way you almost gave in was fucking hot. Ha! I wonder what those old bags of dirt would have said if they did find out about what we were doing!" Ryuko sat on the desk and pulled Satsuki closer with a seductive look. "Their precious CEO fucking her sister. That'd be one for the presses." She added before locking lips with Satsuki.

Satsuki moaned into the kiss, tasting herself on Ryuko's lips. "Fuck, we should stop, someone might see us," she mumbled feebly as they parted for air.

"Don't worry. I had Nonon clear the rest of your appointments today. Said you wanted to spend some quality time with me." Ryuko smirked as she undid her shirt, exposing her black and red bra.

Satsuki rolled her eyes and smiled wryly at the obvious double entendre. "Sure I do." She responded, kissing at Ryuko's neck and leaving a trail of love bites down her collar bone. "One thing though," she murmured in her ear.

"Mmm? What's that?" Ryuko answered her softly.

"You try that again and I'll hand cuff you to the bed at home and make you scream my name." Satsuki warned, nipping at her ear.

Ryuko snorted, bringing Satsuki closer. "And they say I'm the kinky one." She said before crashing their lips again.

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